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Now any adventure loving boy can build Da Vinci's flying wings with just ordinary carpenter's tools

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People said it couldn't be done but Leonardo went right ahead and built the wings and then carted them to a nearby hill and took off. What happened is excitingly told in THE BIRDMAN, The Story of Leonardo Da Vinci. See the actual original sketch Leonardo used to build his flying wings with just ordinary tools.

EXTRA SPECIAL TREAT

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BET I KNOW WHERE HE IS! HE'S SO BEAT HE MUST'VE AND A FEW MINUTES LATER! AMAZING! SIMPLY AMAZING! WHERE'S THE MAN WHO DID THIS? I WANT TO REWARD HIM! AND I WANT TO GIVE HIM HIS REWARD RIGHT OUT IN THE OPEN GONE BACK TO HIS SACK TO SLEEP IT OFF!







FOLLOWING THE SOUNDS OF THE BATTLE THE TRIO FIND...

STOP about PIMPLES



Sebasol Method Supported By Diverse Medical Opinions

Leading medical authorities differ on the importance of various contributing factors to externally caused acne and pimples.

These factors are: diet, vitamin deficiency, personal hygiene, occupational exposures and routinal habits.

The Schasol method recognises the importance of all these contributing factors and each of them is an integral part of the Sebasol treatment.

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AMAZING NEW TREATMENT FIGHTS PIMPLES* WITH FIRST APPLICATION

Yes, you can stop shedding tears over unsightly externally caused* pimples, acne and blackheads because here is a new method of complete skin care based on the most recent scientific knowledge of complexion problems.

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We know we could not make this offer unless the SEBASOL complete treatment is all we say it is.

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ZET'S FOLLOW A COMPANY OF THE GF'S AS THEY HEAD UP THE ITALIAN PENINSULA PURSING THE REAR GUARD OF THE GERMAN ARMY! THIS IS K COMPANY... AND THEIR TOP KICK IS SGT. HALE...









THE PROBLEM CAME BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AND WAS WEIGHED AGAINST OTHER PROBLEMS... RIGHT NOW SPEED WAS OF THE ESSENCE...





IT WAS A DISGUSTED HALE WHO WATCHED HIS MEN MOVE BECAUSE HE HAD SEEN THIS BEFORE ... AND SOME OF THESE MEN WOULDN'T COME BACK! WOULD NEVER SEE THE OTHER THAT CUT





ON AND ON THEY ADVANCED... DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE CUT... AND STILL NOT A SHOT HAD BEEN FIRED. WHICH ACCOUNTED FOR THE WORRIED LOOK ON HALE'S PACE...



HALE HAD SPOKEN FROM EXPERIENCE ... HAVING BATTLED THE GERMANS ACROSS AFRICA AND UP THE ITALIAN BOOTHOLD YOUR FIRE! LET



THOUGH IT WAS COLD AND THE WIND
WHISTLED THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN
PASS, THE AMERICANS SWEATED... FOR THE
SILENCE WAS THAT BORNE OF THE GRAVE...
OR A TRAP!







THE AMERICANS FOUGHT THEIR WAY BACK TO THEIR FORMER POSITION ... AND ONCE AGAIN SILENCE SETTLED OVER THE MOUNTAINS ...

SO THEY WANT US TO GO THROUGH THAT CUT, DO THEY? WANT US TO KEEP CHASING KRAUTS, DO THEY? MAYBE THEY OUGHT TO COME DOWN HERE AND DO THE JOB THEMSELVES... MAYBE THEY OUGHT TO LET US GO OVER THAT HILL LIKE I SAID IN THE FIRST PLACE?

COMPANY
PULLED BACK...
TOOK CARE OF
ITS WOUNDED...
BURIED ITS DEAD...
AND WAITED
FOR FURTHER
ORDERS FROM
HEADQUARTERS...





AND AS IT IS WITH ANY GROUP OF MEN THERE ARE THOSE WHO COMMAND AND THOSE WHO OBEY... HALE WAS SUCH A MAN ... AND SET ABOUT PUTTING THE FIRST PHASE OF HIS PLAN INTO OPERATION!

AIR COMMAND THIS IS COLONEL BLACK ... THAT'S RIGHT, COLONEL BLACK! I WANT YOU TO COVER COORDINATES 6-4 AND Y-7 WITH A SCREEN! THAT'S RIGHT... OGOO HOURS WILL BE FINE!



HALE'S BLUFF WORKED AND THE FIGHTERS CAME IN OVER THEIR TARGET... AND QUICKLY COVERED IT WITH A HEAVY SMOKE SCREEN!



THE FIGHTER'S DID THEIR PART ... AND HALE WAS QUICK TO TAKE ADVANTAGE ...

YOU GUYS ... GOTTA GET THESE PIECES INTO POSITION! THIS TIME WE WON'T BE SUCH SITTIN' DUCKS! THIS TIME THE DUCKS!LL FIGHT BACK!

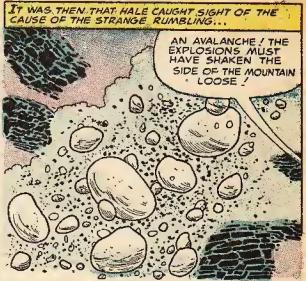




YES. THE AMERICANS HAD THE ADVANTAGE OF SURPRISE BUT IT WAS SHORTLIVED! AND SOON THE WHOLE AREA WAS ALIVE WITH SOUNDS AND THE FURY OF THE BATTLE! FOR THE REARGUARD OF ANY ARMY HAS JUST ONE DUTY... HOLD OFF THE ENEMY!









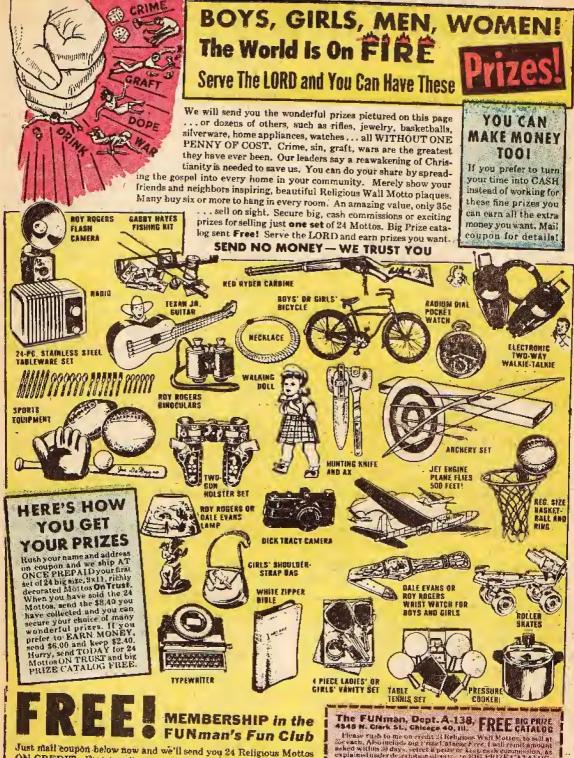


THIS WAS DIFFERENT THAN THE CUT... THIS WAS HALE AND K COMPANY IN THEIR ELEMENT... THEY HAD TAKEN SO MANY HILLS, THAT THIS WAS OLD STUFF TO THEM!





THAT'S RIGHT, HALE ... TELL THEM THE NEWS! TELL THEM WHAT WAR IS... THAT IT ISN'T THOSE BIG BAIT! ES THAT COUNT... IT'S THE LITTLE SKIRMISHES ... IT'S THE FIGHTING HILL BY HILL ... AND THE HILL AFTER THAT!



cate, giant packet of fun materials all yours PLUS extra surprises! END NO MONEY ... We Trust You

ON CREDIT. Easy to sell-you get valuable prizes. EXTRA! If you sell mottos and send payment within 15 days you receive FREE Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. A membership card, certifiFlease (1sh to me on credit 21 Religions Well Mottos to sell at Secach. Also inclinds one right attack fire f will remit amount asked within 30 days, sepice a pract or keep each commission, as capial medicate the activition of large in 21th PRIZE CATALOG PRINT BELLOW

NAME ...

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SWEATING IT OUT!

He wiped his greasy hands on the greasy coveralls and stepped back to view his handiwork. A smile of accomplishment broke across his features... and then one of pride. He reached up and stroked the glistening silver body of the airplane. It was like someone scratching a dog behind its ears.

"Well, they can't say I didn't put you back into shape, Baby. You've got a new oil filter in engine No. 2 and a complete change in No. 4. Why, you're as good as new! Let them

try and retire you now!"

He took a rag and wiped an imaginery spot off the nose of the ship...right under the name, "BUCKET OF BOLTS". Then once again he stepped back to view the airplane... his airplane... his baby. He had crew-chiefed this airplane since it had arrived in England over two years ago... over 240 missions back, and now they were trying to take it away from him.

"ATTENTION!".

He snapped to at the sight of all the gleaming bars and set his eyes rigidly on the line of swastikas marking the number of enemy aircraft destroyed. Then the man stepped in front of him . . . the stars gleamed from his shoulders. It was General Curtis! The old man himself!

"Hello, Chief, remember me?"

How could he forget, he had crewed the General's own ship before they had given him THE BUCKET.

"Yes Sir."

"Well, how about coming back with me? My crew chief just got rotated back to the States and I need a good replacement."

Curtis' eyes swept over the big bomber. They caught the patches in the wings and the body... the scars of battle... they went over the row upon row of bombs painted under the nose... they went up into the

cockpit . . . they swept from the tip of the tail guns to the nose blister . . . this was his airplane, they couldn't take it away from him. And that's just what the General was hinting at. They were going to retire THE BUCKET and they wanted to soften the blow by offering him a nice soft job. But he wouldn't take it . . . they couldn't make him!

"NO SIR! I'll stay with my ship."

The General looked at the old bomber from over his shoulder. He shook his head slowly.

"Don't know what to say, Curtis, but this ship's too . . . never mind . . ."

He turned to the young Lieutenant by his side. "Mark it Operational. It'll be going out tomorrow morning!"

The officer started to protest . . . "But Sir

... you yourself said . . . "

"Never mind what I said!" He winked at the crew chief. "We old timers have got to stick together! All three of us!"

The cold gray morning was punctuated by the sharp staccato of a hundred bomber engines revving up. Curtis stood on the line and listened to the steady roar of THE BUCKET'S four engines. He tensed as No. 2 sputtered once, then he grinned as the steady purr caught and held.

The pilot cut the engines and motioned the erew chief over to the ship . . . young kid, knew how to fly, but he'd better take care of THE BUCKET . . .

"Yes Sir?"

"Just hope this wreck holds together."
She'll hold, don't worry about that!

"Keep an eye on that No. 2, Sir . . . that's all you have to worry about."

Then the flare was bursting across the morning sky and it was take off time. The heavy hombers trundled to the runway and

in ten minutes they were airborne. Curtis watched them as they wheeled and dealed into formation and then they were gone from sight. And the base was empty . . . in ten hours they'd be back, their bellies empty of their bombs. But ten hours was a long time . . . an awfully long time when you're waiting for your baby to come home!

"Hey Curtis, wanna shoot some pool?"
He looked at the other crew chief. What was wrong with the guy?

"Nope, think I'll hang around the line for a while. Hear they're bringing in some new

ships today."

The other man shrugged and walked away. But what do you do when the life leaves a base, and that's what happens when the bombers go on a mission. The plot of ground where they are housed is meaningless. True, the base functions, there are still things to be done, but life has no meaning. . . for there is no life. It is out in the skies over Germany!

Curtis meandered idly to the Operations building. It was about noon time, and this was a custom with him whenever THE BUCKET was on a mission. For she was over the target.

"The whining voices came through the receiver and as one the many people in the

room tensed.

"We're on the bomb run . . . keep this damn ship straight and level!"

"Flack dead ahead!"

"Bandits at nine o'clock low!"

"Got 'em covered!"

"BOMBS AWAY! LET'S GET OUTA HERE!"

Then silence.

And the tense faces relaxed.

A few moments later . . . "WOWIE, we sure clobbered them! Look at that smoke! Right on the target!"

And the relaxed faces broke into grins and backs were being pounded in congratulation.

But not Curtis. He was worrying about that No. 2 engine. And sweating out THE BUCKET.

He left the Operations room and headed

back to the flight line. They'd be coming home soon . . . he wanted to be there to greet his baby.

The hours passed and still he sat and still no tiny dots in the Western sky. Where were

they . . . what was keeping them?

Suddenly a muffled roar . . . which grew and grew . . . they were home! Eagerly he scanned the sky. 12-12-13-16--18. Where were the rest of them? There they were, coming in low over the trees. 20-21-22. Three missing. Where was THE BUCKET?

He watched them come in for their landings, their tires leaving black scars on the stone runway. And then they idled to their rebuttments and cut their engines. One by one. Until all was silent. And still no BUCKET.

Curtis sat on an overturned ammo container scanning the sky. The doubts began to creep into his mind. Maybe they were right. THE BUCKET was too old for combat... she should have been retired a long time ago. And now it was too late. Now she was a charred, burning hulk that would rot on some foreign battle field. The sun dropped below the trees and darkness began to settle over the station. And still he sat. Hoping and praying . . . and sweating. But knowing it was useless.

Midnight now. Then a hand settled on his shoulder and someone sat down beside him. The General! He stopped Curtis with a restraining shake of his head.

"Good news Curtis. Just got a call from the pilot. Had to set down at another field. They counted over a hundred flack holes in her and she lost an engine. Never thought she'd make it across the Channel. But she did, said he was kind of worried about it, but she made it!"

"Of course she made it! She'll always make it! Just give her a chance."

The sweating was over now . . . the base was alive . . . THE BUCKET was okay! They'd bring her back home and he'd patch her up and she'd go out again . . . and again . . . and again! But that was all forgotten . . . right now she was okay and that's all that mattered!



A WHILE LATER THE CREW OF LILY ARRIVED AT THE

IT DIDN'T TAKE THEM LONG TO FIND THE ABANDONED WELL ... BUT GETTING WATER, WASN'T SO EASY!





THE MEN BUSIED THEMSELVES WITH THE TASK OF GETTING OUT THE WATER... AND FOR A TIME FORGOT ABOUT THE WAR... ALMOST...



TAKE COVER! WANT 'EM TO THINK THIS PLACE IS EMPTY! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE 'EM WITHOUT ANY GUNFIRE... PROBABLY THE ADVANCE SCOUTS AND WE CAN'T BRING THE WHOLE COMPANY DOWN ON US!



THE TWO GERMANS ADVANCED UN-SUSPECTINGLY INTO THE RUINS OF SADI BARI... AND SUDDENLY...



THE TUSSLE WAS OVER ALMOST BEFORE IT BEGAN ... AND SINGER'S NEXT JOB WAS TO QUESTION HIS PRISONERS... QUESTION HE DID, BUT GETTING ANSWERS WAS ANOTHER PROBLEM



SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY THE AMERICAN SERGEART RAISED THE CANTEEN TO HIS LIPS AND LET THE FLUID TRICKLE DOWN HIS THROAT... THE GERMANS WATCHED... THEIR CRACKED LIPS SMARTING UNDER THE PAIN OF THE DESERT SUN... THEIR PARCHED MINDS KNOWING ONLY OF THE WATER IN FRONT OF THEM...



THE SIGHT OF THE WATER WAS ENOUGH... THE GERMAND IT WAS JUST AS SOT SINGER HAD FEARED... AND HAD FEARED... THE SE WERE TWO ADVANCE SCOUTS AHEAD OF THE MAIN COMPANY OF THE AFRICA CORPS... WHO WERE ALSO HEADED FOR SADI BARI IN SEARCH OF WATER.



THIS PUT A NEW LIGHT ON THE SITUATION... AND THE MEN OF LILY LISTENED TO THE SERGEANT AS HE TOLD THEM THE SCORE!

I'LL LEAVE IT UP TO YOU GUYS... WE CAN PULL OUT NOW AND MAKE IT BACK TO OUR LINES! OR WE CAN STAY HERE AND FIGHT A DELAYING ACTION... WE MIGHT NOT COME OUT OF IT, BUT IF WE CAN HOLD THIS COLUMN FOR A FEW DAYS IT MIGHT GIVE US THE TIME WE NEED! WHAT DO YOU SAY?





THIS WAS THEIR BUSINESS ... AND THEY WENT ABOUT THEIR TASK WITH DISPATCH ... EFFICIENCY ... KNOW-HOW!

THE AMERICAN TANKERS FORTIFIED THEIR POSITION AS BEST THEY COULD ... AND THEN ADDED THE PIECE DE RESISTANCE ...







ON AND ON THEY CAME... THEIR EYES OPEN IN ANTICIPATION OF THE COOL, COOL WATER THAT LAY AWAITING FOR THEM... BUT THEIR EYES OPENED WIDER AS THE TRAP WAS CLOSED!

THE AFFECT WAS PERFECT. AND THE GERMAN RANKS SUDDENLY SWELLED AND BROKE BEFORE THE DEADLY FIREPOWER OF THE ENEMY...

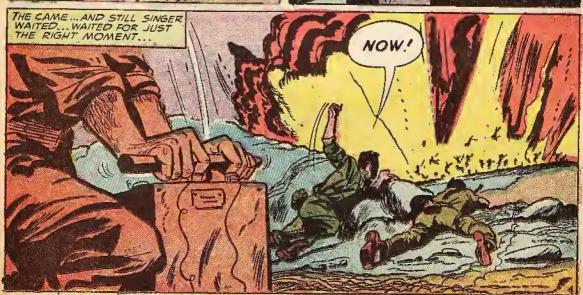




BUT THE GERMANS ARE A WELL-DISCIPLINED SOLDIER, AND BEFORE THE COMMANDS OF THEM OFFICERS REGROUPED FOR AN ATTACK... IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT THE OUTNUMBERED ENEMY WOULD SOON FALL...







THE GERMANS RETIRED AFTER THE STUNNING DE-FEAT TO REGROUP ... AND THE DELAYING ACTION HAD HELD FOR ONE DAY!



SINGER WENT OUT INTO THE DESERT TO HEAR WHAT THE GERMANS HAD TO SAY ... AND THEN TO SPEAK A FEW WORDS OF HIS OWN... ANYTHING THAT WOULD GIVE THEM TIME!

BUT THE GERMANS DIDN'T KNOW ... AND COULDN'T CONTINUE THEIR MARCH WITHOUT THE WATER ... AND SO NEXT MORNING!



...AND THAT WAS SINGER'S OFFER ... TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT! FOR THE TIME BEING THE GERMANS WOULD LEAVE IT! THEY WOULD SLUG IT OUT WITH THE TANKERS!

WOULD GIVE THEM TIME!

NEVER

NEVER

ONLY A SERGEANT!

WHY I'VE

WHY I'VE

NEN SURRENDER,

OF WAR!

GUNS! FOR

EVERY RIFLE

YOU TURN OVER I'LL

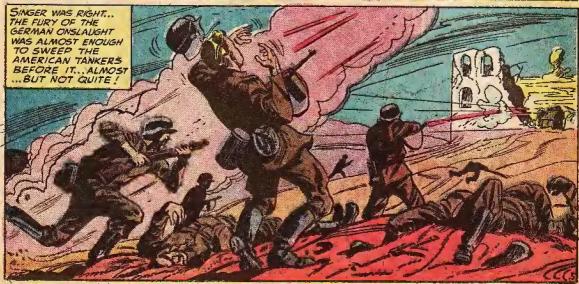
GIVE ONE CUP OF

WATER! ONE CUP OF

WATER! ONE CUP. SAVY!

THINK I GOT 'EM MAD ENOUGH TO KNOW FIGHT! WHICH IS OKAY WITH US!GIVE HOW LONG OUR BOYS SOME MORE TIME... WE CAN BETTER START BRINGIN' UP HOLD, SARGE! SOME MORE AMMO... GETTIN' KINDA LOW ON THE YITE KITCHEN SINK AT STUFF! US THIS





AGAIN AND AGAIN
THE TANKERS BEAT
OFF THE PRIDE
OF THE AFRIKA
CORPS! HOURS
LENGTHENED INTO
DAYS...AND DAYS
WAS WHAT SINGER
WAS AFTER... AND
HAD GAINED! THE
RUINS OF SADI
BARI WERE
IMPENETRABLE...
AND THE
AMERICANS TOOK
EVERY ADVANTAGE
OF THE TERRAIN!
ANOTHER TRUCE
WAS HELD...
AND AGAIN THE
OFFER WAS
RIFLES FOR
WATER ... AND
AGAIN THE
GERMANS REFUSED!

BUT THERE WERE OTHER WAYS TO FIGHT THE DELAYING ACTION THAN WITH GUNS AND BULLETS!



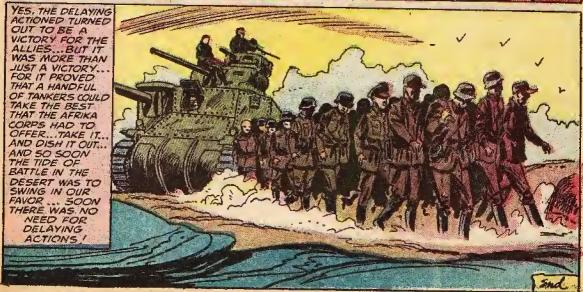


THE DAYS PASSED AND THE BATTLE RAGED ... BUT THE AMERICANS HELD... BUT THEY REACHED THE POINT OF NO RETURN! THEIR AMMUNITION WAS EXHAUSTED!

BUT THE GERMANS WEREN'T INTERESTED IN PRISONERS AT THAT POINT... THE WAR WAS FORGOTTEN... AND THE KRAUTS WERE TAKING SINGER UP ON HIS OFFER!





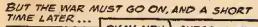


SOMETIMES THERE IS MORE TO THE WINNING OF A WAR THAN THE TAKING OF A TOWN. THE HOLDING OF A RIDGELINE. THE BOMBING OF A SUPPLY DEPOT. SOMETIMES A SMALL INSIGNIFICANT EPISODE OCCURS WHICH COMPLETELY OVERSHADOWS THE SOUNDS AND THE FURY OF THE BATTLE. THIS IS THE TALE OF SUCH AN EPISODE. THE STORY OF.

WOULDN'F BUUS







GUYS, THE PARTY'S OVER! JUST GOT A REPORT ABOUT RED SNIPERS DOWN IN KAESONG... BETTER HAVE A LOOK-SEE AROUND!

0

GUESS IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! MAY-BE NOREN OVER THERE'S GOT THE RIGHT IDEA!



NOW THE TALK OF HOME WAS FORGOTTEN, FOR THE THREE G.I'S WERE BACK IN BUSINESS... BACK TO WORK... AND THIS WAS SOMETHING THEY KNEW HOW TO DO... FOR THEY WERE THE BEST!









TENSELY THE TWO G.I.'S WAITED FOR NOREN'S SIGNAL... TIME PASSED SLOWLY... AND FINALLY HE MADE HIS REAPPEARANCE... BUT HE WASN'T ALONE...





YEAH... C'MON... GIVE US A

WHAT'S HE GOT TO SMILE ABOUT...PROBABLY AN ORPHAN...NO PLACE TO GO...AW FORGET HIM...LET'S GET BACK TO CAMP... TIME'S A-WASTIN'!



THE THREE AMERICANS HEADED BACK TOWARD THEIR ENCAMPMENT... FOLLOWED BY THE LITTLE BOY WHO WOULDN'T SMILE ...



MAYBE MISERY LOVES COMPANY... WHO KNOWS ? BUT AT ANY RATE THE SMALL BOY FOLLOWED THE G.I'S BACK TO THEIR BASE ...

YOU KNOW SOMETHING ? THINK THERE'S SOME-THINK THERE'S SOME-THING WRONG WITH THIS KID. I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM CRACK A SMILE YET!

YEAH ... C'MON KID, LET'S SEE THOSE TEETH! EVERYTHING IS GONNA BE OKAY NOW! DARN IT, WHY DOESN'T HE SMILE ?



AND SO IT BECAME AN OBSESSION WITH THE G.I.'S... TO MAKE THIS LITTLE BOY SMILE... AND THROUGH IT ALL NOREN SAT BACK SILENTLY AND WATCHED... AND DID NOTHING!

MAYBE HE'S HUNGRY ... SURE THAT MUST BE IT! C'MON KIR .. EAT ALL YOU WANT!

AND WHEN YOU FINISH WITH THAT, WE'VE GOT SOME ICE CREAM FOR YOU...IF THAT DOESN'T MAKE HIM SMILE NOTHING WILL !



BUT IT WASN'T THE FOOD! OH, HE WAS HUNGRY ALL RIGHT... POLISHED OFF THE WHOLE MEAL. BUT STILL NO SMILE ... AND NOREN STILL WATCHED... AND WAITED!

DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE THAT, KID? THAT FELLA USED TO BE WITH A CIRCUS, HE KNOWS HOW TO MADE KIDS LIKE YOU LAUGH ... THERE NOW, WHAT DO E NOW, WHAT DO THINK OF THAT BACK FLIP? YOU

GUESS HE DON'T THINK TOO MUCH OF IT... LOOKS A LITTLE SADDER TO ME



NOW IT WAS A CHALLENGE ... THEY HAD TO

SURE ... A KID'S GOTTA HAVE TOYS! GO AHEAD ... THEY'RE ALL FOR YOU! TOYS BET THAT'S WHAT HE'S BEEN MISSING FOR YEARS!



THEY HELD THEIR BREATHS AS HE PICKED UP THE TOYS... HE PICKED IT UP SLOWLY... TURNED IT OVER AND OVER ... EXAMINED IT FROM EVERY ANGLE... BUT HE DIDN'T SMILE!



AW, WHY DON'T YOU TWO KNOCK IT OFF! YOU CAN'T MAKE THAT KID SMILE ... AND SUPPOSIN' YOU DO... SO WHAT?



MAYBE NOREN WAS RIGHT. MAYBE IT WAS ALL WASTED EFFORT! THE FOOD THE TRICKS THE TOYS NONE OF THESE SEEMED TO HAVE ANY EFFECT NOBODY NOTICED IT. BUT THE ONLY THING THE KID HAD EYES FOR WAS

NOREN

THE DAYS PASSED AND STILL THE LITTLE BOY WOULDN'T SMILE ... MEN GAVE UP! FOR THEY HAD OTHER TASKS TO PERFORM... BUT THE LITTLE EOY DIDN'T LEAVE HE HUNG AROUND AND WATCHED WATCHED WAITED!









THE BOY AND THE MAN LOOKED INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES FOR ONE LONG MOMENT...AND WHO CAN SAY WHAT THEY SAW THERE F FOR NOREN QUICKLY SPUN ON HIS HEEL AND WALKED AWAY...AND THE LITTLE BOY LOOKED AFTER HIM



...LOOKED AFTER HIM UNTIL HE COULDN'T SEE... FOR IT'S KIND OF TOUGH TO SEE WITH TEARS IN YOUR EYES! WHA KIND OF TEARS? WHO KNOWS... MAYBE LONGING...PEKHAPS LONELINESS... MAYBE EVEN DESIRE!



EVEN IN KOREA THE TIME PASSES ... PASSES... SLOWLY, IT'S TRUE, BUT IT DOES PASS! AND WHEN IT DOES, SO DOES YOUR ASSIGNMENT! AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, YOU'RE BACK IN THE LINES. AND YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER KIND OF A JOB!



NOREN SAT THERE FOR A MOMENT... SILENT. THINKING ... WHAT PASSED THROUGH HIS MIND ... IT WAS HIS CHILDHOOD THE EMPTY DAYS ... THE NIGHTS .. MAYBE REMEMBERED A BROKEN HOME ... WHO KNOWS? FOR THEN ...





GOT HIS PASS ALL RIGHT ... HE WOULD HAVE GONE TO SEQUL EVEN IF HE DIDN'T GET IT! IT WAS STRANGE SIGHT TÓ SEE ROUGH TOUGH G. I PLEADING WITH THE KINDLY

OLD PADRE

NOREN

THESE PLACES...ALMOS
ALL MY LIFE! YOU WANT
THAT KID TO SMILE?
WELL HE WON'T LEARN
IN THIS PLACE! YA
GOTTA LET HIM
COME WITH ME...
WE'LL TAKE CARE
TI
OF HIM JUST
FINE! SOLDIER... AMERICAN SHOULD ... MAYBE IT'S AGAINST THE RULES .. BUT WHAT ARE RULES FOR ..

... BUT PADRE, I BEEN IN THESE PLACES ... ALMOST





AND THERE WAS ALSO A SMILE ON THE FACE OF NOREN! FOR THE MAN AND THE SMALL BOY HAD FOUND THE LINK THAT HAD MADE THEM FORGET. THEY HAD FOUND SOMETHING. SOMEONE TO BELONG TO...EACH OTHER! THE End

WELL .. THERE'S TRUTH IN YOUR WORDS,











IT TEARS YOUR GUTS OUT TO SEE A GUY BUST UP BE-CAUSE OF LOW MORAL ... SO THE ONLY THING I COULD DO WAS TO TRY AND CHEER UP DANNY FOWLER ...









DAYS TURNED INTO WEEKS AND STILL NO LETTERS FOR DANNY FOWLER ... BUT HE ATTENDED EACH MAIL CALL FAITHFULLY ... HOPEFULLY!

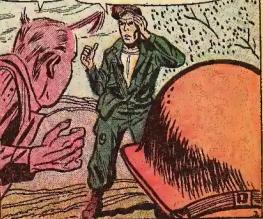
YOU'RE SURE YOU SENT MY
NAME TO YOUR FOLKS, IKE?
MAYBE TODAY I'LL GET A
LETTER ... MAYBE TODAY'S
THE DAY!

SURE IT IS,
DANNY...BUT UNLESS
MARTY SHOWS UP
NONE OF US ARE
GONNA GET ANY MAIL
...WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING THE GUY?



MARTY FINALLY SHOWED UR. BUT NOT IN THE CONDITION THAT DOG COMPANY WAS USED TO.

GUERILLAS ... JUMPED ME MARTY! WHAT



























NOW YOU GET THE IDEA OF JUST HOW IMPORTANT MAIL IS TO US GUYS OUT HERE... SO C'MON, JUST THINK OF ALL THE FELLAS THAT YOU KNOW IN THE SERVICE ... AND DROP 'EM A LINE! IT WON'T TAKE MUCH TIME, AND THINK OF WHAT IT'LL MEAN TO THE GI WHEN HE HEARS HIS NAME AT MAIL CALL! AND IF YOU DON'T KNOW ANY, JUST WRITE TO ME... PYT. IKE... STANMOR PUBLICATIONS, INC... 175 FIFTH AVENUE ... N.Y.IO, N.Y.



How I foxed the Navy

by Arthur Godfrey

The Navy almost scuttled me. I shudder to think of it. My crazy career could have ended right there. Who knows, I might still be bumming Chesterfields instead of selling them.

To be scuttled by the Navy you've either got to do something wrong or neglect to do something right. They've got you both ways. For my part, I neglected to finish high school.

Ordinarily, a man can get along without a high school diploma. Plenty of men have. But not in the Navy. At least not in the U.S. Navy Materiel School at Bellevue, D. C., back in 1929. In those days a bluejacket had to have a mind like Einstein's. And I didn't.

"Godfrey," said the lieutenant a few days after I'd checked in, "either you learn mathematics and learn it fast or out you go. I'll give you six weeks." This, I figured, was it. For a guy who had to take off his shoes to count



above ten, it was an impossible assignment.

I was ready to turn in my bell-bottoms. But an ad in a magazine stopped me. Here, it said, is your chance to get special training in almost any subject-mathematics included. I hopped on it. Within a week I was enrolled with the International Correspondence Schools studying algebra, geometry and trig for all I was worth.

Came week-end liberty, I studied. Came a holiday, I studied. Came the end of the six weeks, I was top man in the class. Within six weeks I had mastered two years of high school math, thanks to the training I'd gotten.

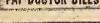
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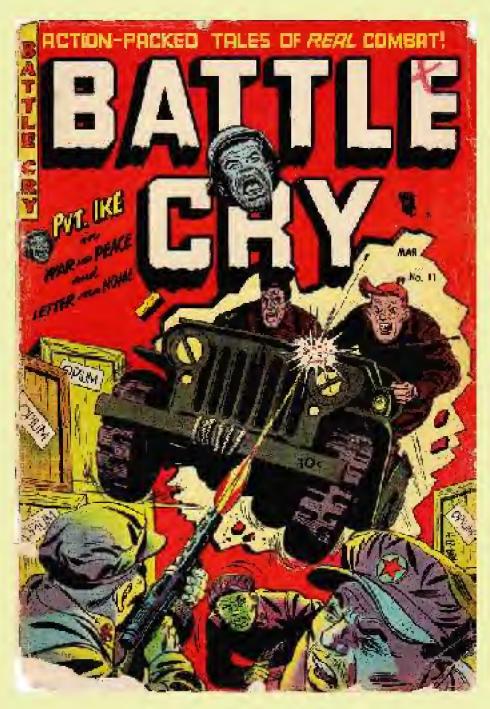
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